

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday June 2. to Saturday June 9. 1705.

The North-Wales Health.

HE that owns with his Heart, and will help
with his Hand,
The Church that's Establish'd by the Law of the
Land,
Conforming for Conscience, and not on Occasion,
Not eluding the Law by a Knavish Evasion,
Nor melted with Favours, nor frozen with Fear,
By the smiles of the Court, nor the frowns of a Peer.
But boldly maintains his Religion and Right,
Dares Die for the one, for the other dares Fight.
This, this is the Man, and this he alone,
Whose Health I will Drink and whose Friendship
I'll own.

Cupid's Complaint. By a Lady.

Cupid, beneath a Myrtle laid,
Reflecting to himself, thus said,
Where is my Power? Where fled my Art,
That I so seldom gain a Heart?
How many Conquerours have I Slain,
When Millions waited on their Train?
Nay Mars himself and Thund'ring Jove,
Have yielded to Almighty Love.
But now with all the Pow'r I have,
I hardly get one single Slave,
Tho' I my Darts with Beauty Tip,
And Feather them with killing Wit;
Yet all in vain, all useless prove,
Since Mammon's made the God of Love;
He all Love's Arts and Pow'r retains,
And binds my Subjects in his Chains.

The Philosopher.

I.

Come, my Boys, let us Drink,
'Tis meer Madness to think,
Or by poring distract the Noddle;
Let Grave Learned Fools
Be confin'd to the Schools,
True Philosophy lies in the Bottle.
Let the Cynicks be Damn'd,
The Moralists be sham'd,
With those Sages that cannot endure us:
But let us that Love Wine,
Erect a Statue Divine
To the Honour of Great Epicurus.

II.

See my Boys, how Pale, how Thin,
Ton dreaming Mortal looks,
Whose Summam Bonum's seated in
Dull Solitude and Books;
Who takes vast Pains,
And Cracks his Brains,
All to disclose
That the further he goes,
Sill the less of ev'ry thing he knows.

III.

Whilst we brisk Sons of Bacchus,
Unanimously agree
No Wiser to be
Than our Parent-God can make us:
For in this we all Concur,
And boldly dare aver,
'Tis only Wine
Can the Senses refine,
And make a true PHILOSOPHER.

On Friendship.

When Souls unite in Sacred Friendship join'd,
By a reciprocal exchange of Hearts,
The Cement which does the contexture bind,
Arises from a Sympathy in Parts.

'Tis not the Work of Interest, or Force,
By Nature all things to their like do move;
Love is true Friendship's Origin and Source,
Similitude the truest cause of Love.

Soon as each object does its self display,
At the first view such mutual Charms appear,
Tho' distance and disasters stop the Way,
Yet still they Wish and Covet to be near.

Their Motions and Desires are the same,
This no design to that Unknown does move;
Both their Affections burn with equal Flame
By Nature kind'd, and supply'd by Love.

A Pair of Souls by sweet conjunction one,
Safe in each others Bosom they confide;
Have neither Joy, nor Grief that's singly known,
But both alike the Common Care divide.

Friendship on such a Basis built shall grow,
And like the Eagle still it's Youth renew;
Time in the Building no defect can show,
Nor Wit, nor Malice, the strong Knot undo;
This

Which from small beginnings grow,
Which when in Earth have deeply taken Root;
Play with the Winds which weaker Trees o'erthrow,
Whilst up to Heaven the lofty Branches Shoot.

The Wife too hard for the Husband.

CIS, by that Candle, in my sleep I thought,
One told me of thy Body thou wert nought:
Good Husband, be that told you ly'd, she said,
And swearing, laid her hand upon the Bread.
Then eat the Bread, quoth he, that I may deem
That Fancy false, which true to me did seem.
Nay, quoth the Wife, the matter well to handle,
Since you first swore, you first must eat the Candle.

To the Ingenious Mr. — on his Poem call'd the Queen.

Judas for Thirty Pence, his Saviour, sold,
For, Miser like, he knew no God, but Gold;
But Charles provok'd by Poverty or Spleen,
Hath rival'd Judas, and has sold his Queen.
Your Friend, Nich. Cox, the Riddle can unfold,
Who dearly bought, what Mævius cheaply sold.

On a Wife.

LET me but have a Wife whate'er she be;
So she be Woman 'tis enough for me.
I ask not one in whom all Virtues shine;
Her Sex alone endears her to be mine.
If she be Young she is not stubborn grown,
And I may form her Manners to my own:
If Old, a Wife, and Mother, both I have,
And either may a Kiss, or Blessing Crave:
If She be Fair, She's lovely to the Sight:
If Ugly, why? What's matter in the Night?
If she be Barren, I am free from Care:
If Fruitful, Children costly Blessings are;
If Poor, she'll Humble and Obedient be:
If Rich, who'd fear a Golden Slavery?
I'm Lord, and Master, if she prove a Fool:
If Wife, I shall be so, to let her Rule.
Unjust are those who 'gainst the Sex declaim,
When 'tis not they, but we deserve the blame;
They all are well enough, had we but skill
The good in them to take, and leave the ill:
That Wife's and Husband's Humours seldom
meet,
Is not 'cause those want Goodness, but these Wit.

To Love. By a Lady.

LOVE thou disturber of my Rest,
Thou Cruel Tyrant in my Breast!
Thou makest me Wear a heavy Chain,
None ever felt so sharp a Pain;

LONDON, Printed by Tho. Warren, for the Undertakers: And Sold by Hugh
Montgomery, at the Golden Anchor in Cornhil: Tho. Hodgson, over-against
Gray's-Inn-Gate, in Holbourn: Booksellers: And B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in
Avenary-Lane, 1705.

But if a 'Pleasure 'tis to thee
From the Pain I'd not be free,
But Hug and Nourish my Disease,
Till Death no longer let's me Please.

Part of a Prophecy found in Hieroglyphic Characters in
a Manuscript on an upper Shelf in the Chinese Library
(by a Gentleman lately come from the Lunar World,)
not understood by the most Profound Author of the
Consolidator, or Partially wink't at by him (as having
a Retrospect to himself) when he was Studying of
Scandal there, and Ways and Means how to destroy
Monarchy, and set up a Common-Wealth.

Then too, a Dull Observing Fool,
With brazen Face, and Factions Soul,
A Parties Trumpeter, and Tool.
Shall one Day find (when 'tis too late)
A Three-Leg'd Tree will be his Fate,
And cure his Spleen to Church, and State.

The Gentleman's Answer to his Friend, that refus'd him his Horse. See the last Post.

I Find now, too Late,
I must suffer the Fate;
That attended Gen'rous Timon;
As they prosper'd their Purse;
So you offer'd your Horse,
When I did not want it, Friend Simon.

But now I'm in haste,
You forget what's past;
In plain, You won't Lend your Gennet;
But why dost produce
So Stale an Excuse,
As he won't be at home this Sennight?

Tho' Friends I have many,
I Thought not any
Would sooner assist my desire:
If I ask any more
I'm a Son of a Whore,
Tho' I trudged it a Foot thro' the Mire.

Advertisements.

ALL Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who have any
ORIGINAL Copies of Verses, Heroical, Hu-
morous, Gallant, Satyrs, Odes, Epigrams, Receipts,
Songs, &c. proper to insert in this Paper, they are desired
to send them to H. Playford, at the Temple Exchange,
Fleetstreet, or B. Bragg, in Avenary-Lane: And like-
wise to order it so, that they may come to their Hands by
Wednesday Night at farthest, or they cannot be inserted in
that Weeks Post.

* * The Undertakers of this Paper having been several
times Impos'd on by some, who have sent Old Copies
of Verses, instead of New; this is to desire those, that
they may send none that has been Printed before.